FACULTY OF MUSIC UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Faculty Recital

ROSEMARIE LANDRY, soprano

JACQUES ISRAELIEVITCH, violin

DALTON BALDWIN, piano

★★★

Saturday, March 23, 1991

8 pm

Walter Hall

★★★

PROGRAM

Rosemarie Landry, soprano
Jacques Israelievitch, violin
Dalton Baldwin, piano

L'amerò, sarò costante — W.A. Mozart

Rondo from the opera *Il Rè Pastore*

Only one can hold me captured, faithful ever, with heart enraptured. None can sever my love from me! Life's true blessing is my new treasure; love professing, I find peace and pleasure. My beloved is all my joy.

Sérénade (Théophile Gautier) — Pauline Viardot

The balcony on which you are standing is so high that I can't get close to you. Maybe if you let fall a ribbon, a gold necklace or strings from your guitar, I could weave them together as a ladder. Let your hair fall loose and fall on me. And helped by this strange ladder, I will get to smell your wonderful perfume.

Lamento (Théophile Gautier) — Pauline Viardot

My beautiful beloved is dead,
I shall weep for ever;
to the tomb she bears away
my soul and my love.
To Heaven without waiting for me
she has returned;
the angel who led her away
would not take me.

How bitter is my fate!
Ah! to sail out on the sea without love!

The white creature
is lying in her coffin;
How in nature
all seems in mourning!

The unremembered dove
weeps and dreams of the absent one;
my soul weeps and feels
itself abandoned.

How bitter is my fate!
Ah! to sail out on the sea without love!

Over me the immense night
spreads like a shroud,
I sing my song
for the heavens alone to hear.
Ah! how fair she was
and how I loved her!
Never shall I love
a woman as I loved her...

How bitter is my fate!
Ah! to sail out on the sea without love!

Three Romances, Op. 94 — Robert Schumann

Du bist wie eine Blume (Heine) — Franz Liszt

You are as lovely as a flower, so fair and pure. I look on you and sadness steals over my yearning heart. My hands, in tender devotion, will rest upon your hair. Praying God to keep you so pure and sweet and fair.

Bist du (Heine)

Mild is the wind of May, pure is the pearl from the sea. Clear is the sky in Rome, so calm is the moonlight where you are. Cold is the glacier in the Alps, strong is the mountain made of granite. Calm is the sea. In the celestial spheres, the sphere of light, love is beautiful. On the highest peak, come with me.

S'il est un charmant gazon (Victor Hugo)

If there is a fair lawn wet by heavenly showers, where bloom colourful flowers, I want to make it into the path where your feet should wander. Could there be a dream of love, perfumed by the roses, where each day, with supreme joy, some new charm discloses, a dream blessed by Heaven, where soul to soul would talk. Oh, there your heart should make a nest where my love reposes.

Die Loreley (Heine)

I do not know what foreboding fills my heart with woe; a story of bygone ages now haunts me and it will not go away. The air is cool and it is dark; smoothly flows the Rhine. The hilltops are brightly sparkling where the evening sunbeams shine. On yonder height, a beautiful young woman is sitting; the golden array makes her hair shine. With a golden comb, she combs her hair and sings a beautiful melody. A boatman in a tiny boat is filled with longing dread. He doesn't see the reef before him, he sees nothing but the height overhead. The surrounding billows engulf him until the boat and the boatman are gone. And this with her artful singing the Loreley has done.

★★ Intermission ★★

Sonatine — Jean Martinon

Nocturne — Lili Boulanger
Le printemps — Darius Milhaud

Hercules — Alan Hovhaness

Cinq poèmes de Max Jacob — Francis Poulenc

1. Chanson bretonne: Song from Brittany

I have lost my little chicken
and I have lost my cat
I run to the dust hole
if God will give them back to me.

I'll go and see Jean le Coz
and Marie Maria.
Go and see Herode
perhaps he will know.

Passing by the hall
all the town was there
to watch my chicken dancing
with my little cat.

All the birds of the countryside
on the walls and on the roofs
played the trumpet
for the king's banquet.

2. Cimetière: Cemetery

If you drive my sailor away
you will put me in the cemetery,
white rose, white rose and red rose,

My tomb, it is like a garden,
like a garden red and white,

On Sundays you will go, white rose,
you will go to take a walk,
white rose and white lily.

Aunt Yvonne on All Saint's Day*
a wreath of painted iron
she will bring from her garden
of painted iron with satin pearls,
white rose and white lily.

If God raises me up
I will go to Paradise, white rose,
with a golden halo,
white rose and white lily.

If my sailor should return,
red rose and white rose,
he will come near to my tomb,
white rose and white lily.

Do you remember our childhood,
white rose,
when we played on the quay,
white rose and white lily.

* The Jean de Polignacs had their summer home here

3. La petite servante: The Little Servant

Keep us safe from fire and thunder,
thunder runs like a bird,
if the Lord sends it
blessed be the havoc.
If the devil sends it
drive it away quickly.

Keep us from scabs and pimples
from the plague and leprosy.
If you send it to make me penitent,
If you send it to make me penitent
Lord, let it be, thank you.
If the devil sends it
drive it away quickley.

Goitre, goitre, out of your pouch,
out of my neck and my head!
St. Elmo's Fire, St. Vitus's Dance,
if the devil sends you,
dear God, drive him out of here.

Let me grow up quickly
and give me a good husband,
who is not too much of a drunkard
and will not beat me every evening.

4. Berceuse: Cradle Song

Your father is at mass,
your mother at the cabaret,
you will get your bottom spanked
if you go on crying.

My mother was a beggar woman
on the moor at Auray
and I am making pancakes
while I rock you with my foot.

If you should die of croup
colic or diarrohea,
if you should die of the scabs
that you have on your nose.

I should go shrimping
at low tide,
to make soup of the heads
there is no need for hooks.

5. Souric et Mouric: Souric and Mouric

Souric and Mouric
white rat, black mouse
have come into the cupboard
to teach the spider
to weave on the loom
a beautiful linen cloth.
Send it off to Paris, to Quimper,
to Nantes,
it will sell well!
Put the coins aside,
you will buy a meadow,
some apple trees for the season
and three fine cows,
a bull for stud.

Sing, tree-frogs,
for night is falling,
at night you hear them well,
toads and frogs,
listen my blackbird
and my magpie who talks,
listen all day long,
you will learn to sing.

A Chloris: To Chloris — Reynaldo Hahn

If it is true that you love me Chloris, I say truly love me, no king knows happiness like mine. How ill-timed death would be if it now changed my fortune for the felicity of the Gods! No ambrosia can match my dream; your eyes my only treasure.

Quand je fus pris au pavillon: When I was caught in the pavilion — arr. John Greer

When I was caught in the pavilion of my lady fair and sweet, I burnt myself at her candle much like a moth would have. I blushed a crimson hue in a bright spark's light, when I was caught by my lady fair and sweet. Had I been a falcon or had I wings to fly, I would have fled from the one who struck me with the good when I was caught in the pavilion.

Les filles de Cadix: The girls from Cadix

Léo Delibes
arr. John Greer

We had just been to a bull-fight: three boys, three girls. It was a beautiful day and we were dancing on the sound of the castanets. "Tell me, neighbour, do I look good, is my waistline tiny enough this morning?" Ah! the girls from Cadix love compliments! And we were dancing a bolero, one evening, it was Sunday. Comes toward us an Hidalgo, his suit sewn with golden thread, a feathered hat and his fist on his hips. "If you want me, beautiful dark girl with a smile, just say so and all this gold will be yours". Go away handsome gentleman, the girls from Cadix do not like to be treated that way.

★★★

TONIGHT'S ARTISTS

ROSEMARIE LANDRY earned a Masters degree in voice at l'Université Laval with Bernard Diamant as her principal tutor. She furthered her studies at the University of Toronto (where she is currently a faculty member) and in France and Switzerland under French baritone Gérard Souzay and Pierre Bernac, colleague and close friend of composer Francis Poulenc. Miss Landry has also worked with the famous American voice teacher, Margaret Harshaw. Miss Landry is equally at home performing in solo recitals, with chamber musicians and with orchestras. In Canada, she has appeared with all of the major orchestras and in festivals such as Mainly Mozart and the Toronto International Festival. She is also heard regularly on both the English and French networks of CBC radio and television.

Miss Landry has performed with several of Europe's orchestras, among them the Suttgart Radio Orchestra, the Basle Radio orchestra, l'orchestre de Radio-France and Holland's Hilversum Philharmonic Orchestra. Recital tours have taken her throughout North America and across Europe, South America, Japan, China, and in Singapore and Hong Kong. Recognized as one of the finest interpreters of French Art Songs, she has been invited to the prestigious International Art Song Festival in Princeton, NJ, the Petit Jean Art Song Festival in Arkansas, the Colorado Music Festival in Boulder, the New York Festival of Song and the Art Song Festival in Piteo, Sweden. Miss Landry holds an Honorary Doctorate in Music from l'Université de Moncton, has received the 50th anniversary medal of Le Conseil de la vie française en Amérique, and became a member of the Order of Canada in October 1990.

JACQUES ISRAELIEVITCH, the Toronto Symphony's concertmaster, played his first concerts with the orchestra in the opening performances of the 1988-89 season. He came to the Toronto Symphony from the Saint Louis Symphony, where he held the concertmaster position for ten years. Prior to that, he served as assistant concertmaster with the Chicago Symphony for six seasons under Sir Georg Solti. Born in Cannes, France in 1948, Jacques Israelievitch began violin studies when he was eight, and continued under Henryk Szeryng from the age of fourteen. As a scholarship recipient at Indiana University, he studied violin with Josef Gingold, and chamber music with Janos Starker, William Primrose, Menahem Pressler and Gyorgy Sebok. His extensive solo career includes performances under such renowned conductors as Sir Georg Solti, Carlo Maria Giulini, Jerzy Semkow, Rafael Fruhbeck de Burgos and Raymond Leppard. A committed chamber player, Mr. Israelievitch founded the Camerata Society of Chicago and, as artist-in-residence at Webster University in St. Louis, he performed approximately fifty recitals in ten years, covering most of the violin repertoire. He was also first violinist of the Webster String Quartet. Mr. Israelievitch has been a faculty member at Washington University in St. Louis, the St. Louis Conservatory, the American Conservatory in Chicago and Visiting Professor at Indiana University, the University of Illinois and the University of Missouri. He is currently a staff member of the Faculty of Music, University of Toronto.

DALTON BALDWIN, perhaps the most recorded accompanist in recorded art song history, is internationally famous for his concerts with many of the world's foremost art song interpreters, including such artists as Elly Ameling, Frederica von Stade, Jessye Norman, and Gerard Souzay. Equally versatile with art songs of many cultures, Mr. Baldwin is the sole pianist for the history and complete recordings of the melodies of Debussy, Fauré, Ravel, and Poulenc. As a member of the faculties of Westminster Choir College and the Manhattan School of Music, Mr. Baldwin is in demand for his excellent and exciting masterclasses throughout the United States, Europe and Asia. He will hold masterclasses at the University of Toronto on March 25 and 26, 1991.

★★★

This evening's performance is being recorded for broadcast on CBC Stereo's *Arts National* (94.1 FM) on Thursday, April 4, 1991 at 8:00 pm

The host of *Arts National* is Terry Campbell.
Neil Crory, producer
David Burnham, recording engineer

★★★